THE SPHINX.

VOL. I.—No. 15. MANCHESTER, Saturday, October 31, 1868. Price One Penny.

"He roar'd, he beat his breast, he tore his hair."
DRYDEN.

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SKETCHES OF A MANCHESTER PARISH.

OUR CHURCH.

OUR Church was built at a time when four walls and a roof were considered the sole essentials for a place of worship. And a tower or steeple, surely? No, not always. Christ Church, Salford, was steepleless for some years after its erection. St. Saviour's, Chorlton-on-Medlock, remains without tower or steeple to the present day. Sometimes a Grecian portico was thrown out in front; sometimes a row of urns ornamented the side walls (as witness St. James's, Manchester); sometimes the building was left in unadorned ugliness, and how ugly that ugliness could be, and of how varied a character, the reader may judge for himself by a momentary glance at St. Matthias's, Salford, and Christ Church, Moss Side. The first forty years of the present century were prolific in barbarisms, from which our city and neighbourhood suffered severely. Since then a new era has set in; modern taste has revived, and, if we may dare to say so, improved upon ancient models. Whatever our ancestors of a few centuries back knew, or did not know, they certainly were admirable ecclesiastical architects. Judging from our own observation, there is no country in Europe so dotted over with fine old parish churches as our own; and our modern Manchester architects have obeyedthe reforming spirit of the age. One hundred and eighteen* new churches have been built in this diocese since 1848, and most of them are correct specimens of correct architecture, pleasing to the eye, and ornaments to the various parishes in which they are placed. The wholesome artistic contagion has spread; Nonconformity has caught it. Let Dr. Parker's chapel—let the Rev. Mr. Macfadyen's, in Chorlton Road, bear witness, amidst a host of other local examples, to an entirely new *régime*—a perfect revolution of taste and practice.

Our Church, however, be it said, is a good specimen of a bad style. It has size, width, height, and situation—a little too much, indeed, of the first three. It boasts externally of a lofty tower, and no end of crockets, pinnacles, and battlements, to relieve the monotony of the four walls and roof aforesaid; also a row of buttresses down each side, containing stone sufficient, as was remarked by the late Canon Stowell, to build another church of ordinary dimensions; also of a set of iron railings round the church-yard, the cost of which would easily have paid for the building of the said church. Inside, there are height and a roof which together create a wonderful echo—*item*, three immense galleries; *item*, a wide area of high pews. Speaking architecturally, there are apse, nave, and side aisles; and down the nave, the widest passage we have ever seen in church or chapel. The pews are so contrived that kneeling is a physical impossibility—the nearest approach to it being a sort of half-sitting posture; while even sitting, to a male with long thighs, is accompanied with sundry rubbings of knees and aching of back. In former times there were two pulpits—one to preach from, the other to read the prayers in. The latter had an appendage in the shape of a clerk's desk. The choristers sat like cherubs aloft in the west gallery. All this is altered now. There is but one pulpit, and this removed close (rather inconveniently so) to the north gallery; the choir are robed in surplices, and seated down stairs, in stalls at the east end; the reader has simply a seat on the same level with the choir, but raised, like them, about a couple of feet above the rest of the nave; and, though last not least, the clerk's desk has vanished entirely. It was when the workmen were engaged on this last act of demolition that the old clerk (now, alas! dead) was known for the first and last time to shed a tear in public. "They may call it orthodox, if they like," he exclaimed; "*I* call it Cromwellian." A dear old man was our parish clerk, and one of a rare race. Sunday or week-day he never was absent from his post, although for several years before his death he suffered from an incurable and malignant cancer, which tormented him night and day. Such an instance of patient, uncomplaining heroism was certainly never surpassed. No murmur, or even expression of pain, ever passed his lips. No one, except his own family and a few very intimate friends, were aware, until the very last, of the deadly, tormenting plague he carried about with him; and it was with a tranquil smile that, at length, worn out with suffering, and nearly eaten in two, he folded his hands upon his breast, and fell asleep. A simple inscription on a brass plate, let into the wall above the pew to which he retired after his desk was taken away, records his life, his work, and death. He lived and died a hero in humble life, *sans peur et sans reproche.*

We are somewhat renowned for our church officials. Until recently, we had two, who might fitly be termed Heraclitus and Democritus†—the former being remarkably doleful both in look and voice, the other just the reverse. The latter is now dead, poor fellow. He use to summon the godparents out of their pews at the time of the Sunday afternoon baptisms in a most peculiar manner. Opening the pew-door, he would ask, in a sprightly and confidential air, "Buy a gurl?" No response beyond a stare was ever given, nor did he seem to require one. The open door was, of course, sufficient hint to sponsors and nurse. They always came out, and ranged themselves round the font in the usual manner. But this oracular, "Buy a gurl?" was uttered at every pew, like a magical incantation. The solution of the mystery was this: for "Buy a girl?" read "Boy or girl?" Every male child, according to the canon law of the Church of England, requires two godfathers and one godmother; every female two godmothers and one godfather. It is, therefore, strictly speaking, of some importance to ascertain the sex of every child when a number are going to be baptised together. Hence the intention of the oracular "Buy a gurl." What effect it had on the sponsors it is hard to say, unless (as our Church had—tell it not in Gath!—been accused of High Church propensities) they, perhaps, set it down as some Puseyite innovation, clothed in Latin, or other outlandish tongue.

So much for Democritus. Alas! his place is nowhere to be found, save in our churchyard. But what shall we say for his companion Heraclitus? To see him on a Sunday evening, when there are a great many strangers to be accommodated with seats, coming up the aisle, with slow, lumbering gait and puzzled, vacant look, peering round at pew after pew, while behind him walk four or five unfortunates, blushing, and trying to look indifferent, as they are paraded through the church, a spectacle to men and clergy—like poor relations begging for a place—is a sight rich in the extreme. After all, Heraclitus generally ends by showing the unfortunates into the wrong pew—*the* pew, of all others, the proprietor of which is sure to come in later on, with his family at his heels; and then ensue frowns and black looks, embarrassment and shrinking up, crowding and pushing; sometimes, we are sorry to say, the ejection of the unfortunates, to seek a sitting-place elsewhere.

"Can you show me to Mr. Smith's pew?" inquires a stranger of Heraclitus—Mr. Smith being a pew-owner of perhaps a dozen years' standing, and his pew as well known as the pulpit itself. Out comes a littte book from Heraclitus' pocket, and away he goes to the nearest gas-jet, and slowly travels with his finger up and down the pages, while the hapless stranger looks on in much amazement. At last a satisfied look—a little grunt of recognition, the book is returned into the pocket—and Heraclitus leads the way into the church like a man prepared to do his duty. He has been looking for the number of Mr. Smith's pew!

* Including sixteen churches rebuilt.

† For the benefit of non-classical readers, we may remark that these were two ancient philosophers, the former of whom was always mourning over men and manners; while the latter, as continually, laughed at both.

Alas! the glory of other days is departed! What is a policeman worth in plain clothes? What dignity has a lord mayor *outside* his gown, a bishop without his robes, a beadle minus his cocked-hat? Heraclitus was an imposing, a sublime spectacle of old, when he used to move about in a nondescript vestment, all tags, and bobs, and ends, and velvet and cape—his robe of office, his GOWN. Never did Ritualist cling to chasuble and cope with greater love than Heraclitus to this hideous piece of tailoring. Long after it had grown threadbare and rusty with age, and the fiat had gone forth from the vestry that successor it should never have—long after the velvet was all frayed and hanging in strips, with twenty arm-holes ready to hand, instead of two—still did Heraclitus wear and cherish his gown. At length it disappeared, and with it who can tell how much of his dignity. Only one badge of office remains, and this cannot well be worn out—we mean his silver-headed mace, wherewith he walks before the clergy. It is exactly like a constable's truncheon—first-cousin to a life-preserver—and about the same size. True enough, it has a silver top, and that is about all which can be said for either its beauty or its use.

But, perhaps, Heraclitus shines with greater lustre at the baptisms. As in the case of Democritus, it was his duty, till lately, to summon the sponsors to the font. His form of invocation was "Godfeythers and godmüthers," in a deep, sepulchral voice. But the triumph of his genius was when arranging these "godfeythers and godmüthers" round the font in proper order. Here is his invariable speech, verbatim :—

"Bring the children to the font, and them as is stonding, stond behind."

"*Them as is stonding*" are the sponsors who "stand" or answer for the children. The meaning is this: "babies in front, godparents behind;" but who would wish such a bald interpretation to have been substituted for graphic eloquence like the above?

One story more about local pew-openers. There is a church in this town which contains far more seats than sitters. Its congregation has gradually drifted away into the suburbs, leaving only the very few, and those very poor, behind. All the good houses in the parish have been, one by one, converted into warehouses or shops; and the poor old church itself has grown dirty, decayed, and dreary. The great high pews, or huge boxes, which block up its aisles are mouldy and damp. Pew-holders are few and far between. No wonder. The very sight of a pew suggests rheumatism, coughs, spiders, and church mice. The old pew-opener is a great oddity in his way, and very touchy on the subject of the empty seats. It might naturally be supposed that he would hail the entrance of a stranger as a regular god-send—but listen! On one occasion a gentleman entered the church, and requested to be shown into a pew. The apparitor led him slowly up the aisle, looked round with a puzzled air, and then said (it was early, and there was no one to hear him), "Well, I'm sure I don't know where I can put you—*all these seats are to let!*"

GREAT FALL IN BUTTER AND SOAP.

A very sudden fall in the price of butter and soap occurred last Tuesday. This was caused by the immense supplies thrown upon the market at the banquet given to Lord Salisbury. The chief dealers in these oleagenous commodities were Mr. Alderman Bennett and Mr. Jacob Bright, M.P., who supplied each other most profusely with the articles in question. Vinegar, on the other hand, was extremely scarce; even Mr. Hugh Mason could supply none.

COMMERCIAL BIRDS OF PASSAGE (TO THE CONTINENT).—"Lame Ducks."

A BOAR INDEED.

THE parading of a "pig's head" at a certain ritualistic ceremonial at Haydock, has lately excited a good deal of objurgatory criticism. From the following letter, read a few days since in connection with the proceedings of the Board of Health at Failsworth, and reprinted from the columns of our lively contemporary, the Manchester *City News*, we gather that a Boar of extraordinary capacity has been paraded at Failsworth.

The Chairman read the following letter, which we give *verbatim et literatim*:— .

"Failswort, October 1st, 1868.

"Gentlemen,—I am to inform you that Mr. Hallen Engine is 6in. Boar that will mak 2¾ Nominal Hors pouer. But with plenty of steam it will Drive 3 times it Nominal. I af had all poticlers from the maker.—Yours Rep."

The epistle was duly signed. Surely this is a most bewildering Boar. How can an Engine be a 6in. Boar? As Dundreary would say, "Thath ridikuluth." And then, what can we make of a 6 inch Boar "that will mak 2¾ Nominal Hors pouer?" What is a nominal horse power as distinguished from a real horse power? And what Boar has ever been known to possess 2¾ horse power, nominal or real? Then again, what can you say to a preposterous quadruped, that "with plenty of steam it will Drive 3 times it Nominal." There's somebody mad in this business, but whether it's Mr. "Hallen" or the 6 inch Boar, or the "2¾ Nominal Hors pouer," or the steam that "will Drive 3 times it Nominal," we cannot undertake to determine. This is a Boar that deserves to be known and appreciated. In the language of this most intelligible epistle, we should all like to "af all poticlers from the maker."

BYRON'S GRAVE.

ABOUT sixteen years ago, I chanced to be in Nottingham, on the night that the remains of Ada, Byron's Ada, were brought into the town. The news of their arrival was quickly buzzed from street to street, along with the further information that they were to be conveyed to Hucknall on the morrow, and laid beside those of her father. I was half inclined to attend the funeral, and often regretted that I did not take that singular opportunity of visiting Byron's grave. However, in the spring of '66, it so happened that I was again in Nottingham; and one bright morning I set off, in company with a friend, to see both Hucknall and Newstead, anticipating a delightful country walk, for one thing. The first village we came to was Old Basford, where Thomas Bailey, Philip James Bailey's father, lived; we passed close by the house. After getting through the village, I thought, now we shall be in the country, but there was no country proper. The road seemed to lie through a series of villages, in a flattish, bare, and uninteresting country, intersected by a railway, with neither embankments nor cuttings, and which we had to cross, once or twice, on the level. After walking two hours through a semi-manufacturing district, where the leading features were a few tall chimneys, and the principal sounds the whr-r-r-a-a-ake of the stocking-frame, we reached Hucknall itself, a village not much better than the others, oldish and rather ugly, with one coal-pit, just as you enter. The church, which is also old and ugly, is at the further end of the village, facing you as you go down; but not exactly facing—it is a little off the line to the right; and the clock-face, instead of being in the centre of the tower, is placed to the left, close to the angle, by which arrangement the time of day can be seen from any point along the village street. Hucknall is a poor-looking place, with only two public-houses in it: one, the best, is near the church, and is called BYRON'S REST. We thought of dinner, but there was something so disagreeable in the notion that Byron had taken up his final rest in a public-house, we couldn't dine there, and therefore ordered dinner at the other, The Chequers.

Before dinner, however, we went down to the churchyard gate, and

found it locked. The key was kept at the clerk's house, half-way up the village. We soon found the place, and were told to return to the gate, and the key would be brought. Shortly afterwards a young woman, of staid appearance, dressed in her Sunday clothes and black cotton gloves, came and let us in. You have to descend two or three steps from the churchyard into the church porch, and, as the church floor is on the same level, you never get rid of the feeling that you are in a cellar or vault. In the chancel, reaching from the wall on the right half-way across, is a large damp flag, and underneath it the vault belonging to the Byron family. Several forms were ranged, in rough and ready order, on the flag for the use of the congregation, and up against the wall is set a commonplace marble slab, wrought at Nottingham, giving a few particulars of Byron—his name, Lord Byron of Rochdale,—that he wrote "Childe Harold"—died at Missolonghi, in Lower Greece—and was buried below in the grave of his ancestors. Close to Byron's slab is a smaller one, erected to the memory of Ada. In the body of the church you are shown the Byron family pew, occupied on Sundays now by the family of a farmer. Our feeling was altogether one of disappointment, and, as we left the dismal place, we could not help wishing that Byron's request had been complied with, and instead of reposing in the damp corner of a dingy church, he had been laid to rest on one of the sunny slopes of Calydon, or the plains of Missolonghi.

On parting with our guide at the church door, we asked whether there was anything else of interest about Hucknall. She said no, unless it were Mr. Caunt, the pugilist, a native of Hucknall, who was buried round the corner in the churchyard. Here was a let down,—from Byron to Ben Caunt! But remembering that Byron was intimate with Tom Cribb, and had taken lessons in boxing from Jackson, for whom he had a great respect, calling him his "old friend and corporeal pastor and master," we went and looked at the spot where the ex-champion lies—covered with the glory, such as it was, that he prized.

GEIST.

WHAT IS GEIST?—GEIST IN MUSIC.

THE influence of other nations upon us may be traced in the words which, from time to time, we find it necessary to steal from them. And, as is usually the case with foreign productions which are transplanted for our use, this imported word Geist has received an appreciation in England which it never enjoyed at home. One can imagine the astonishment of the fig or the olive at their position in life as soon as they land at Southampton. The fig, which at home, even in the ripeness of youth, was only lightly valued, finds itself, in its wrinkled old age, more admired than ever. The olive, which consorted with dry bread and rude cutlery at Seville and Madrid, now moves in the very best London society. Instead of being eaten in a gross kind of way, merely to gratify hunger, it now discovers itself on an elegant dinner-table. It is courted with a silver fork, it is swallowed with a glass of Amontillado, its epitaph is written on the face of an epicure. But far more wonderful than the apotheosis of either the fig or the olive is that which the German word Geist has received in England. In the German, it has such a variety of meanings, and is in such common use, that its finest edge is worn. But in English, good heavens! what does it not mean? If in German it signifies the flower of the mind, it may be said with us to mean an intellectual perfume, without which even the flower is coarse.

It is significant of a certain ascendancy of the German mind over ours at this moment, that Mr. Matthew Arnold and a few other writers have succeeded in naturalizing this word Geist in our language. This ascendancy was, until recently, held by the French. When we wanted to express something wittier than wit, we called it esprit. Our ideal of subtlety was French metaphysics; our models of literary art were the better class of French novels and comedies. But now we have outgrown this teaching, and our latest superstition is German culture. Anyone who has a slight acquaintance with the two languages will hardly fail to feel that the two words, esprit and Geist, have a flavour of what is most distinctive in the natural characteristics of each. Esprit blossoms out most naturally into *bons mots* and epigram. It gives nicety of discrimination, accuracy of aim, a clearly-defined outline, and a high polish. Its light is focussed in a single point, and condenses its power into a flash. It is tormented (as Joubert says of himself) by the desire of putting a whole book into one page, a whole page into one sentence, a whole sentence into one word. Its sins are those of omission, rather than of commission. It shuts its eyes to that which would disturb the self-imposed unity of its work. Its neatness is sometimes poverty; its lucidity, shallowness. Like an unscrupulous beauty, its symmetry is that of man (*i.e.*, the dressmaker), and not of nature. It is at home in the streets of a gay city, but finds itself *dépaysé* in mountain solitudes. It is the wit of the whole nation distilled in the salons of Paris.

Geist, on the other hand, is not an idea, an epigram, a brilliant lie; it is an atmosphere. The secret of esprit lies in its rapid movements, its surprises, its quick comprehension of a change of situation. But Geist has no need to move—it is always there. It needs not to throw itself into your situation, for it has you, and all developments of you, within itself. Esprit takes your breath away; Geist gives you breath. Geist is universal; esprit is merely flexible. You cannot point out Geist; it is not gathered up into a single phrase, or hugged in a gem-like word. It diffuses itself in an intangible way throughout a literary work. It is felt in a general breadth of treatment, a quiet mastery of the subject, a harmonizing of many details. Indeed, esprit means neatness; Geist means harmony. The work of Geist is complex, and yet simple. Like the stars, it strikes the superficial observer as disorderly. But it is only disorderly as Nature is so when seen in fragments. It has a wide perspective, and is open to the charge of extravagance, because it annihilates distance, and believes that all things are possible.

Taking the word Geist in the original, we have to try to explain what exquisite quality of mind that is for which we have no representative word of our own. It is impossible to say in so many words what Geist is, and where it is to be found. This can only be done on the negative principle of saying what and where it is not. We will, therefore, select what appear to us the most striking instances of want of Geist in the different arts, and place them side by side with efforts in a similar direction in which we recognise it.

The immeasurable art of music admits, perhaps, of more striking examples of wealth and barrenness, according to the co-operation or otherwise of Geist, than any other art. We propose to establish our contrast by assuming Offenbach and Richard Wagner to be the most representative men in the case.

The effect of hearing one of Wagner's operas for the first time is very much like seeing Switzerland for the first time. You are overpowered by the air, and space, and grandeur. It is only when your mind has become familiarized with vastness that it is free to notice the form of particular peaks, and the beauty of particular colours. A man who pretended to have taken in all the beauty of Wagner at the first hearing, would resemble one of those American tourists who cross the Atlantic to "do" Europe. They scramble through the Alps, spend three hours waiting at a railway station in Venice, and give a whole afternoon to Rome. It has been said that it is easier to write a book than an article on Wagner. And so it is, for he consumes in one opera the materials for six. He is like Nature—prodigal and magnificent. He does not write for the age. He is the earnest labourer sowing for the age to come. He never stoops to the level of the

"gamin" mind. The disrespectful whistle of the boy who sells the *Sphinx* never invades your worship of him. If Offenbach's operas are not exactly undanceable quadrilles, at least they are very easily converted. Wagner's music, like a stern and incorruptible priest, refuses to be converted; it can only be tortured into compliance, like a martyr. People who are not troubled with Wagner-on-the-brain cannot understand the malady. They ask, what is there in him? Not so many popular tunes or barrel-organ concertos, after all. What is it, then, besides? We answer—Geist! No other term has yet been invented. Language crawls slowly behind Wagner's conception of music.

On the other hand, it is impossible to imagine a more perfect illustration of vacuum (as far as Geist is concerned) than is offered in Offenbach's music. He is the musical Paul de Kock. At first you feel the dazzling effect of gay society, lovely toilettes, and brilliant chit-chat. But society is gay at the expense of nobler feeling, and toilettes fade and the most brilliant talk wearies you after a time. And so does Offenbach's music. He is a writer of comic music, and reflects the frivolous aspect of Parisian life. But he has no Geist like Wagner, who illustrates the poetry, legendary as well as real, of a great country in which humour, as well as every other fine quality, is felt to exist, but only felt. The esprit of Offenbach makes you wonder at the littleness of life; the Geist of Wagner makes you wonder at its capabilities.

In another paper we will consider this subject in its relation to painting, literature, and politics.

VOICES IN THE STREET.

I.

The isle is full of noises.—THE TEMPEST.

MY favourite perch is a snug little chamber overlooking the public thoroughfare. It is in a central nook of the town, and the space immediately below my window was the old market-place. Even now, on Saturday mornings, when ruddy-faced gardeners and their wives come into town with the fresh produce of the season, the whole expanse is one little paradise of plants and flowers; and all the air of this quaint corner of our busy city smells "as sweet as Bucklersbury in simple time." It is pleasant then to inhale the perfume from below, and to sit watching the restless crowd of city-folk, meandering in and out among the flower-stalls, like figures in a dream. The buildings around still retain some relics of days long gone by. Opposite to my room there is an ancient wood-and-plaster house, bending and bulging here and there beneath its load of years. Its quaint gables, latticed windows, and over-hanging upper storey—the general time-mellowed aspect of that ancient building, often carry me back to the days of "good Queen Bess." Hard by stands "the Old Church." I can almost feel the solemn stillness of the venerable edifice, and of the grave-yard around it, across all the market bustle that surges between; and the sound of the bells comes floating on the air now and then, "like a voice from the middle ages." It is a dreamy spot—this cosy little Ararat of mine. I love to sit at the open window, smoking, and watching the many-featured rills of human life that trickle along the street from morn to night. Immediately below my window there is a curious sheltered recess, polished by the backs and shoulders of all sorts of loungers—porters, men out of work, and a changeful gathering of street-idlers of various kinds; sometimes relieved by a little cluster of people in better dress, who have run thither out of the way of a passing shower. When the space below my window is not too much disturbed, the sounds of the street and conversations of loungers who have met in this sheltered corner rise up distinctly to the window of my little room; and sometimes I overhear strange things.

The other day a middle-aged man, who had the general appearance of a street-porter, shouted from the corner to a bricklayer's labourer, who was sauntering along the opposite side of the street.

"Heigh, Jack! wheerto for! Hea lung is sin thae wur doun i' Pendleton?"

"Last Thursday," replied he, lounging across the street towards his friend.

"What, wur there summat up?"

"Nay; nought mich. Aw went a-seechin' a job at some new buildings; but it coom to nought when aw geet theer. They'd gan c'er shoppin'" (taking on new workmen).

"Didta co' a-seein' Owd Buzzart?"

"Aye; aw gav 'em a look in, but there wur nought i' th' house but th' owd woman."

"Why, wheer wur Buzzart?"

"Th' owd lad's off to th' tother country, about a fortnit sin."

"Oh, ay? Why, aw yerd he're laid up, an' couldn't stir a peg."

"He's laid up, safe enough. An' aw think he'll stir no moor, noather, for he's dead an' buried."

"Eh, aw never yerd a word on't!"

"Aw dar say. There's moor o' that mak agate than oather thee or me gets to yer on. It wur Billy Quifter 'at towd me about it. Billy an' his feyther wur at th' bedside when th' owd fellow dee'd. It seems he'd a terrible hard time on't afore he could draw away; an' he lee moanin' neet an' day; an' th' last bit o' breath in his body coom shiverin' to th' edge of his lips now an' then, an' turn't back again a bit, as if it couldn't stop in, and durstn't go eawt—like a chylt freeten't o' bein' put out o'th dur on a stormy day. Eh, it would ha' melted th' heart of a stone to ha' sin th' owd woman while th' poor owd lad wur feightin' between life an' death! Hoo turn't his pillow, an' hoo weet his lips, an' hoo wiped his for-yed; but nought seem't to give him yez (ease). An' as th' tears ran down her face, hoo said, 'Eh, my poor Jem? He'l never have no pleasure *till it's o'er!* God help him!' At last hoo leant down, an' hoo said, 'James!' Quifter said that th' owd fellow oppen't his e'en a bit, an' his lips gav a bit of a wacker, an' then his e'en went to again. 'James,' hoo said, '*has thae somethin' on thi mind?*' They could see that th' owd fellow knowed what hoo said, for he oppen't his e'en again a bit, an' gasped out, 'Nawe, nawe!' 'Then, *why doesn't thae dee, my poor lad?*' said Betty; '*why doesn't thae dee?*' An' sure enough, th' owd crayter geet set free th' same neet."

"Poor owd Buzzart! Aw'll tell tho what, Jack, deeoth's nob but a poor thing!"

"Nawe, it isn't, owd lad; and life's noan so mich better; for a body's no sooner here nor they're off again, afore they known wheer they are."

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND MR. MARK LEMON.

ONE evening last week the Prince of Wales attended the Royal Gallery, in Regent Street, to see Mr. Mark Lemon perform Sir John Falstaff. The Prince appeared amused with the performance, and at its conclusion Mr. Mark Lemon was presented to H.R.H., who graciously expressed his gratification. Shakspere, possibly, had a prophetic eye to the interview when he wrote the following passage, with the text of which we have not taken more liberty than is usually the case with Shaksperean revivals:—

SCENE 1ST. Falstaff alone. I will devise matter enough out of this to keep Prince Harry in continual laughter.

SCENE 2ND. Henry, Prince of Wales, and Falstaff meeting.

P. OF W. What! old acquaintance! How now, blown Jack?

FALSTAFF. What Hal? How now, mad wag?

P. OF W. But tell me Jack, whose fellows are these that come after?

FALSTAFF. Mine Hal, mine; they'll fill a pit as well as better, but tell me Hal, ar't thou not horribly afear'd, thou being Heir Apparent?

P. OF W. Not a whit, i' faith, I lack some of thy instinct.

THE SATURDAY HALF-HOLIDAY

ON Wednesday next, our Free Trade Hall will be occupied by a meeting in such strange contrast to the exciting gatherings that are now being held there and elsewhere, that it may stand in some danger of being comparatively overlooked. And yet it has an importance (retrospective, chiefly, it is true) unsurpassed by any assembly ever gathered within its walls. For on that evening the public of Manchester, connected with its warehouses, will meet together to commemorate in a most worthy and congenial manner the establishment of the Saturday Afternoon Holiday a quarter of a century ago. And we do trust that Manchester will give the lie direct to that base cynicism, "that gratitude is a lively expectation of future favours," by gathering together in enthusiastic thousands to celebrate one of the hardest won social victories on record. A victory, too, the manifold benefits of which no human eye can altogether survey, and no pen, however graphic, can adequately describe.

It is constitutional in our human nature that we should take things as they are, as if they ever had been so. And the efforts of past generations in all departments of Progress, have, in consequence, rarely full justice done to them, so difficult is it to realize the cruelties and enormities of the bad past in the easy comfort of the present. We have often thought that, were we not so full of our little troubles and so hard pressed in the battle of existence, no man would now step into a railway train without a reverent blessing on the memory of old George Stephenson. And yet among the thousands who pass up and down the Midland Railway and see Tapton House, where the Railway creator lived and died, on the one hand, and the church where his honoured remains are deposited on the other, how many ever give a passing thought to the mighty chasm which separates Then from Now?

In a similar way for years past the Saturday afternoon holiday has been enjoyed by thousands who have never troubled their minds for an instant with the slightest curiosity as to what existed before it was established; or felt the faintest tribute of gratitude to the men who carried it to a successful issue in the bye-gone generation. The various classes of mercantile men—employers as well as employed—who make their Saturday afternoon engagements as a matter of course, with an absolute certainty that they can be kept; the young man who runs down into the country to see his parents or his sweetheart; the cricketer who undertakes to be at the stumps at "two, sharp"; the horsy looking exquisite with tight trousers, and buff gloves, and prodigious glass-gem neckring, who offers himself up for the admiration of the ladies at a pic-nic; the humdrum fogy who has set his mind on dibbling in fourscore cauliflowers; how many of these could realise the state of business existence in Manchester in the year of our Lord 1842? Such of them—and they must be the vast majority—as had not actual experience of Manchester warehouse life at that period, could not by any possibility whip up their imaginations into sufficient creativeness to picture it. Neither pork chops for supper, nor opium, nor hashish could conjure up a business nightmare so absurdly hideous as was the state of affairs to which the institution of the half-holiday gave the *coup-de-grace*. But as the best test of the value of any institution is the realisation of what existed before it, we cannot render a greater aid to making the meeting of next week a creditable demonstration, than by giving a sketch of the manner in which business was carried on in this focus of civilization and centre of intelligence a quarter of a century ago. And, as one veracious and accurate experience is worth a dozen vague descriptions, we avail ourselves of a fragment of the autobiography of a gentleman, which has been kindly placed at our disposal.

"In the year 1841, when I was about midway between thirteen and fourteen, I was somewhat suddenly taken from school, and introduced into a Manchester warehouse. I had as much Latin and Greek and French in my head as most youths on entering a university, but my body had hardly commenced growing. I did not appear more than eleven, except about the head. One fine morning I made my appearance at the office of a friend of my parents, who had kindly undertaken to introduce me to commercial life, and was informed by him that he had succeeded in getting me into the firm of Sticker & Company, as a 'gentleman apprentice.' 'You will go for six years for sixty pounds—two years for nothing, and the sixty divided over the latter four. By the end of that time it will be your own fault if you are not in a fair way to make your fortune.' Whereupon, my patron called one of his clerks and said: 'Take this youth over to Mr. Sticker, with my compliments, and tell him he's the young gentleman I named to him.' The clerk and I accordingly set out towards ——— street. As we went along, I plucked up courage to say: 'What kind of a warehouse is it I'm going to?' 'It's an 'Ome Trade 'Ouse.' 'And what's a Home Trade House?' I inquired. 'Why an 'Ome Trade Ouse is an Ouse in the 'Ome Trade.' 'Oh!' said I, and by that time we were at the door of Mr. Sticker's warehouse. That worthy was standing in the doorway, with his hands deeply thrust in his trouser pockets, rattling money and keys. This was his custom for many hours of the day, and was then a very general habit of Manchester Home Trade Merchants. He looked rather cross, I fancied, but smiled benignantly when he learned our errand. 'He felt my poor little thin arms, as a butcher might a sheep, and then said, 'Very small: very fragile. How old are you?' I told him. 'Ah!' he said, 'I make a rule never to take anyone under fourteen,' and feeling my other arm, he continued, 'not much muscle here! But I will waive a point in this case, only we must make it seven years, instead of six. Let us understand each other. Seven years for sixty pounds—first *three* for nothing. The hours are half-past eight in the morning, dinner one till a quarter after two, tea you will have to provide yourself with here, and you go home at night at—at—at—*when, in fact, you've done.*' And, with that, he patted me on the head, and, bawling up the stairs for Mr. Dobby, when that individual appeared, he consigned me to his keeping, saying, 'Take this boy to your department and find him something to do.' I followed Mr. Dobby as ordered, and was in a few moments a duly installed 'Gentleman apprentice.' My purpose being to give my own actual experience of the late hour and no holiday system, I refrain from entering into any comments on the 'Gentleman Apprentice' Institution. But this I must say, and I may have another opportunity of illustrating it and proving it, that a more heartless fraud upon parents, and a more recklessly cruel maltreatment of tenderly nurtured youths was never perpetrated by men considering themselves humane gentlemen, and generally 'professed Christians' of the most sanctimonious complexion.

"When, after a few days' breaking in at irregular odd jobs, I took my settled place in Mr. Sticker's establishment, I found the routine to be this:—I was placed in the heavy department, the goods dealt with varying from two or three pounds per piece to twenty, and those being enveloped in brown paper parcels, averaging perhaps a stone in weight. Having arrived at 8.30, the first duty was to dust the shelves and polish the counters. The former was effected by passing a hand brush over the tops and sides of all the various piles and parcels, and the latter by skating on the counters with the feet enveloped in dusters. At a little after nine the 'Orders' would come up from the office. These were such unsolicited commands as the exigencies of the various customers up and down England and Wales had forwarded on the purely 'voluntary principle.' The head

of the department called out what he wanted, and I tugged the required parcel out of its den, opened it, and, the piece or pieces having been selected, the packages remained on the counter. As the goods were selected, they were carried into the 'entering room,' and duly ranged on a long counter, and chronicled in the books. Perhaps ten o'clock would see all this done, and then one would have supposed that the natural next step would have been to have re-made up the parcels, and replaced them neatly in their respective places. Common sense would suggest this, but flagrant hypocrisy and rampant lunacy were then the ruling principles. Had the counters appeared clean and empty, there would have been the very deuce to play had Sticker come up and found them so. Why, suppose Stiggins, Local Preacher and Small Draper, of Bungay, had come in, he would conclude that here was a house that did no business. So the opened parcels were to toss about till evening. I have even known, on an extremely flat day, orders to be given to open a score or two of parcels to give an appearance of business. I have said that the goods were carried into the entering room and duly entered, and common sense would say—and were then parcelled up, carried to the packing room, baled, and despatched. No such thing. In those days the race between house and house was who should be latest, who should have the greatest blaze of gas at nights, and who should have the largest number of carriers' lurries waiting at the doors. In order to take a respectable place in this race for lateness, Sticker had adopted the plan of never allowing any commodity to leave his premises till he himself had what was termed 'called them back,' and, unless pressure of extra business compelled it, 'call back' he never would till toward seven p.m. That ceremony was completed about eight, and then a scene of frantic exertion began. All the goods ordered or bought during the day having been duly 'called back,' the various 'gentlemen apprentices' were turned into the Entering Room, to bundle them up into papers, and duly address each packet to its respective purchaser: Stiggins, Bungay; Shorer, Exeter; Grip, Derby; Timmins, Alfreton; as the case might be. Then, these various lots had to be carried into the packing room on the shoulders and the backs of the 'gentlemen apprentices.' Many a time has every knot in my spine been excoriated by the hard edges of a series of 'rolled shirtings,' or my collar-bone half broken with a burthen of 'beetled twills.' Until, the Entering Room having been emptied and the Packing Room filled, and work for the packers till ten or eleven duly created, we were all allowed, towards nine or ten, to go home. During my three years' experience from 1841 to 1844, I never left before seven: my average time would be eight: very frequently it would extend to ten, *exclusive of Saturdays*. For Saturday was the busiest and latest day of the entire week. It was the day selected for clearing up all odds and ends; all the omissions of the preceding five days. On that day all the 'enclosures,' as a rule, were done. An enclosure meant this. A small buyer, wanting twenty articles, would order six from one house, and the remaining fourteen from eight to fourteen others, and would instruct the last to send their goods to the warehouse of the first, to be all packed together. When such an order was received, a message would be sent to the first to know when they were packing for Briggs, of Bristol, and the reply almost always would be 'on Saturday.' Hence Saturday, the eve of the Christian sabbath—was the very latest of all the late nights. I have been at work close into Sunday morning. I rarely got away before nine.

"It was when this absurd system of carrying on business under fraudulent pretences was universal: when the system of delaying work over as many hours as it could be spread over obtained everywhere: when the how-not-to-do-it plan was universal, that the agitation for a half-holiday on Saturdays was first commenced. Human nature could stand it no longer. Every section of warehouse life awoke to a sense that, sing 'Rule Britannia!' as they might, they were sheer beasts of burden and commercial serfs. There was a general upheaving. The man who had reading tastes demanded time for reading; the athlete, leisure for cricket or the gymnasium; the paterfamilias, space for cauliflower dibbling and planting out his lettuces; and the pious man objected to be always yawning at his Sunday-school and nodding at the parson's application. And so the agitation was commenced, encountering at first just sheer contempt. Then it entered its second stage, and was met by the objection that the trade of Manchester could not be carried on under such restrictions. Then came the third stage, when, it having been made evident that at least two days per week in hours were regularly wasted, and that if all closed at one on Saturdays the race were equal to all, the masters assumed an interest in their servants as the sole cause. If this time were given, they would not know what to do with themselves, and grow immoral. I have listened to Sticker discussing this point with brother wise-heads of masters, and have chuckled immensely. Make them immoral! They were so very moral, then. Why, under the old system I have seen, behind bleachers' packs, loo played, whist, dice-shaking, sweepstakes drawn, and every device poor humanity, with nothing to do, could invent to kill time till the busy evening came to finish the enforced idleness of the day. It was not a very moralising thing for children of fourteen to be turned out at eleven or twelve and have to run the gauntlet of Market-street and Mosley-street on their way home. I have heard, many a time and oft, when unexpectedly the warehouse closed at seven, such a conversation as this: 'Are you going home?' 'Am I such an ass: why, if I did, they would not believe me at home when we really stayed.' I knew, too, that the employés in the home-trade warehouses in those days divided themselves into three classes. Those high-mettled young fellows who rebelled against it altogether and flung it up, prepared, if need be, to be shot as private soldiers rather than tolerate that; those who lacked the courage to leave it, and found an outlet for their pent-up and outraged humanity in sheer debauchery; those who plodded along like poor, good, patient drudges, and were queer, thin, bald, and toothless hacks at thirty. Then came the last stage, when, one by one, the various firms were got to sign documents pledging themselves to try it. The majority of the signataries, Sticker at their head, affirming to each other that it wouldn't last three weeks. Then, at last, came the momentous day itself on which the great experiment was to be made. Then it was that, although no mention of my name will be made at the meeting, *I carried the half-holiday*. All the morning the competitors of Sticker and Co. kept dropping in upon him to ascertain whether he really meant to keep his word, and several times Sticker went out to sound others. Every one of them were itching to break their faith, and the smallest accident would have deferred the holiday for years. At one o'clock there was not a thing to be done in Sticker's establishment, and the whole of his servants, some thirty in number, were gathered together in the doorway waiting permission to depart. Sticker was very fidgetty. He looked at his watch—he looked at us—he sighed—he groaned—he coughed—he snorted. Finally he called me to him, and, naming some six of his largest competitors, he told me to run round and see if they were closed or closing. Off I darted like a shot, but I did not go to one of them. I wiled away five minutes gazing at a shop to let, and then, returning, announced that *every place I had seen was closed*. Sticker gave the word of command, and in three minutes his door was locked and barred; but before the key had been turned, however, off darted a little knot of lads and young men—the spies of the other firms—carrying the news of Sticker's fidelity to his pledge,

and causing a general shut-up. It was a lovely afternoon, and Manchester felt the inestimable blessing that had been won to such an extent, that it would have required an army and a *coup d'état* to have taken it away again."

From this communication the present generation may gather some idea of how the former generation suffered in the evil days of narrow-minded Egyptian bondage—may appreciate more keenly than they hitherto have done the liberty they now enjoy—and may, perhaps, be led to make the only return in their power by one and all contributing to render the Commemorative Meeting as great a success as has been and is the Institution it will celebrate.

A MARQUIS ON THE "BOARDS."

SCENE—*Royal Exchange.* TIME—*Tuesday*, 1-30 P.M. *"High 'Change": usual densely packed mass of mortals wriggling about, in the attempt to make a commission out of each other. A faint cheer suddenly heard above the confused hum; scattered hand-clapping; great commotion visible in central alley.*

TIMBER MERCHANT *in east, or* IRON ALLEY, *addressing everybody.*—Hello! What's up there?

PIG IRON SALESMAN, *at a venture.*—Oh, it's Salisbury, I suppose!

SAGACIOUS OIL AGENT.—Aye, so it is; it *will* be Salisbury!

OLDHAM COTTON SPINNER.—Salisbury! Who's he? What does he buy?

COPPER SMELTER.—Buy? Why he's a marquis!

COTTON SPINNER, *excitedly.*—A markis! Aw mun see that.

Grand rush from each side towards centre; elbows and shoulders brought into play. A lane in middle of crowd visible. Elderly gentleman gesticulating violently. Excited individuals trying to get on each other's shoulders.

SPINNER, *frantically.*—Where is th' markis? Is he coomin?

SPINNER'S FRIEND.—Theere, mon; conna' tha' see his toppin'?

SPINNER.—Aye, aw con just see him; but he's geeten no toppin', mon; he's geet a bare nob!

SPINNER'S FRIEND.—Theer's two on 'em wi' bare pows! Which on 'em's th' markis?

SPINNER.—Niver moind which; let's give him a clep!

Both cheer furiously.

SHIPPER, *ceasing to cheer, and turning dubiously to* CLOTH AGENT.—Ah! let me see, though; he's a Conservative, is he not?

AGENT.—Well, I do believe he *is* a Conservative, now I think of it!

BLACKBURN MANUFACTURER, *unceremoniously.*—Not 'e, mon! He's a-nout-an-out Tory.

Another B. MANUFACTURER.—Tha're a Tory! Any chap knows as Salsberry's a reglar Radical!

OLDHAM MANUFACTURER.—Who's a Radical! Tha' knows neught about it, now; he's a Liberal.

BLACKBURN MANUFACTURER.—'Aw tell thee 'e's a Tory!

CONCILIATORY CLOTH MERCHANT.—Never mind what he is, give him a cheer. Hooray! hooray!

More cheering and clapping, during which the MARQUIS *and* ALDERMAN BENNETT, *his guide (who have modestly taken off their hats to avoid recognition), push their way towards the gallery overlooking the "boards." An excited mob seen rushing up the stairs; in its midst two semi-bald heads distinctly visible, glistening in the light. Burst of cheers.*

YARN SALESMAN, *breathless with shouting.*—Theere they are; two on 'em! Which is which?

FACETIOUS FRIEND.—Why, aither on 'em yo loike.

YARN SALESMAN.—Will he speak, I wonder?

F. FRIEND.—Not 'e; Simpson won't let him.

Crowd of knowing birds that have rushed to the gallery here divide. The MARQUIS *and his friend appear in front, hat in hand. More cheers and hand-clapping. The* MARQUIS *surveys the cotton trade timidly through his eye-glass.* ALDERMAN B. *standing jauntily by in the attitude of one used to that sort of thing.*

MR. BENNETT, *from gallery.*—Gen'lmen—this—first—time—Marquis Salisbury—been—Manchester—and—first—visit—Exchange—sure—give—hearty—welcome!

EVERYBODY.—Hoorah! hoorah!

SOMEBODY ELSE *(decidedly.)*—His-s-s-s!

MARQUIS OF SALISBURY, *advancing.*—Sure—been—favourably—impressed—all—seen—your—great—city. And—not—least—by—great—sight now—spread—before—me. *(Great cheering).*

FACETIOUS SALESMAN, *to friend.*—Aw say, Tom, tha' didn't know afore as tha' we'r' one o't seets o' Manchester! Did t'a'?

The MARQUIS, *after lingering in gallery, slips out quietly, and everybody rushes eagerly back to business, or off to dinner.*

THE MANCHESTER ELECTION.

DURING the past week the Manchester election has assumed a new aspect. As we anticipated, two Conservative candidates have been brought out, and are now in the field. After considerable difficulty and delay, the choice of the Tory party has fallen upon Mr. Joseph Hoare and Mr. Hugh Birley. The former is a partner of the well-known London banking firm, Messrs. Barnett, Hoares, and Co., and for a short time represented Hull in parliament. Mr. Hugh Birley is the third son of the late Mr. Joseph Birley, of the Chorlton Cotton Mills. He is one of the partners of the firm of Charles Macintosh and Company, the well-known waterproof and vulcanized indiarubber manufacturers. The addresses of these two gentlemen have been published and placarded all over the town, and we observe that, like the addresses of some other candidates in Manchester and Salford, they have been as quickly torn down again or covered over by other placards. In the interests of fair play, we protest against such paltry manœuvres by either one side or the other. The only remarkable feature in the addresses of either of these candidates, is the passage in Mr. Birley's address in which he eulogizes and expresses confidence in the Lord Chancellor, Mr. Gathorne Hardy, and Lord Stanley, entirely omitting all mention of the Premier. Mr. Hugh Birley is a strong Churchman, and is possessed of all the firmness, if not the obstinacy of his race. We can readily understand his partiality for Lord Cairns and the Home Secretary, who are understood to be the two members of the cabinet who are the most indisposed to meddle with the Irish Church. The omission of any allusion to the Prime Minister looks as if Mr. Birley distrusted him on this question, but then—how about Lord Stanley? Of all the Gabinet Ministers, Lord Stanley is the least disposed to uphold the Irish Establishment. Both his own words, and those of his younger brother, indicate that they consider that at least sweeping reforms are necessary. Some exception has been taken to this portion of Mr. Birley's address, which many consider impolitic, in an electioneering point of view. The ministry is essentially Mr. Disraeli's ministry. Was not Lord Cairns raised to the Great Seal advisedly, and under the rather painful necessity of sacrificing Lord Chelmsford, whilst none of the other ministers resigned when Mr. Disraeli accepted office as First Lord of the Treasury? In other respects we should think Mr. Birley's address would be satisfactory to the whole of the Conservative party in Manchester. Although Mr. Hugh Birley has lived nearly the whole of his life in Manchester, and we believe he was born somewhere about the time when the unfortunate Peterloo affair occurred, he has never taken any active part in public affairs. He is, however, well known as a

gentleman of great benevolence. During the cotton famine he provided, at his own expense, substantial soup kitchens for the poor, and he and his brothers have taken an active part in building and endowing churches and schools in the neighbourhood of their own works. We do not pretend ourselves to have any particular information regarding the prospects of Mr. Hoare and Mr. Birley, but their supporters are confident that they will carry at least one of them.

The prospects of the election have been further complicated by the remarkable interviews which have taken place between Mr. Bazley and Mr. Mitchell Henry, and the extraordinary revelations which have been made through the letters of these gentlemen to the newspapers. The conduct of Mr. Bazley in this affair we can only describe as being either remarkably "green" on his part, or else he must have conceived his opponent to have been eminently possessed of that quality. The two versions of the story are before our readers. Reports having oozed out that Mr. Bazley had been supplicating Mr. Mitchell Henry to retire, with the offer of helping him to a seat for a county, Mr. Bazley wrote to the newspapers, stating that he had addressed a note marked "private" to Mr. Henry, requesting an interview, but that what took place there "was not revealed to a single individual." He then adds that he was merely acting as a disinterested medium for a third person, a prominent member of the Liberal party. To this Mr. Henry promptly replied, giving an amusing, circumstantial, and graphic account of Mr. Bazley and his deportment during these two now famous interviews. Mr. Mitchell Henry whimsically describes Mr. Bazley's "fears," his "agitation," his "surprise," his readiness to "promote" Mr. Henry to a county, and of his wandering about among the pictures of the Royal Institution, until he should receive an answer to the momentous question from Mr. Henry's Committee. We are also informed that Mr. Bazley said his friends had informed him that his seat was "in jeopardy," but that Mr. Henry had not "the shadow of a chance." We shrewdly suspect that Mr. Henry must have been wickedly poking fun at the senior Member for Manchester during these historical conferences, one of which, we are told, lasted "half-an-hour," and during which Mr. Henry slyly suggested that Mr. Jones should be "promoted," which caused Mr. Bazley to hold up his hands in horrid amazement. Finally, Mr. Bazley wrote another letter of three or four lines to the papers, and fell back upon his character and deportment. It is "a very pretty quarrel as it stands," and admits the public to an amusing episode behind the scenes.

Canvassing cards of a singular nature have been distributed by the "United Liberal Party," signed by the Chairman and Vice-Chairman of the Committee, and requesting votes for Bazley, Bright, and Jones. On the reverse side of the cards the following words are printed :—

UNITED LIBERAL PARTY.

To the Chairman of BLANK WARD.

I intend to Vote for

STRIKE OUT ONE NAME.

THOMAS BAZLEY.
JACOB BRIGHT.
ERNEST JONES.

Signed _____

Although I prefer to Vote as above, I will, if necessary, Vote for any TWO of the Candidates named.

Signed _____

Is this a sly suggestion to strike out poor Mr. Bazley, or to hint that if the voter desires to give only one vote, he is to "plump" for Mr. Jacob Bright in preference either to Mr. Bazley or Mr. Ernest Jones. Should one of these three gentlemen lose, how excessively obliged he will be for this method of manipulating the constituency.

A HOLIDAY ODE.

DEMI-SEMI-CENTENARY, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 4TH, 1868.

Ho—Manchester men! Sound a truce to frivolity;
Sink, at least on this day, party schism and strife,
To meet for a space upon terms of equality.—
Occasions like this rarely come in a life.

Let not the city's November gloom cover it,
'Tis pregnant with memories of blossom and May;
The breath of the moorland hangs tenderly over it;
And it comes with a sunbeam to pilot its way.

'Tis a red-letter day to both lofty and lowly,
The fair silver wedding of labour to health;
'Tis the birthday, beside, of a sympathy holy,
The birth of good-will between labour and wealth.

Twenty-five years of Arcadian touches,
Sent weekly to soften the chafe of the throng,—
Bright bits of nature redeemed from greed's clutches,—
Fresh patches of verdure life's desert along,

To-day hold their jubilee: "Let each man honour us,"
So might their motto in consonance run;
Let the bells ring it in, swelling and sonorous,
Till the echoes grow dazed with their turbulent fun.

Rich merchant princes, whose houses are palaces,
Poor working-men, with your homes in a row,
Lay by your trades union fancies and fallacies,
To give the best greeting you have to bestow;

Nor, whilst you make the occasion a jolly day,
Rest you content with rejoicing alone,—
Let the world know you esteem your half holiday,
By marking the day with a precious white stone.

LORD STAMFORD AND THE TURF.

The *Morning Post* announces that the Earl of Stamford has decided to sell the whole of his racing stud, retaining only a few brood mares. The same paper says that his lordship has expended some £400,000 on the turf since his connection with it, and that, therefore, the loss of such a supporter will, no doubt, be felt. We should rather think it would, and also that the loss of £400,000 would be felt by Lord Stamford. We congratulate his lordship on leaving the turf, before he was entirely put under it, pecuniarily speaking.

A CLASS DISTINCT-SHUN.—A decided cut from an aristocrat.

MODERN PRIZE FIGHTS.—Competitive Examinations.

A KNEED-Y LOT OF FELLOWS.—Bakers.

CHARACTER OF SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

APROPOS of the recent Falstaff revival both in London and Manchester, the following somewhat remarkable view of Sir John Falstaff's character is worthy of reproduction. It is from a sketch of Falstaff contributed by Dr. Maginn to *Bentley's Miscellany* some thirty years ago :—

We find by incidental notices that he was reared, when a boy, page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, head of one of the greatest houses that ever was in England, and the personal antagonist of him who was afterwards Henry IV.; that he was in his youth on familiar terms with John of Gaunt, the first man of the land after the death of his father and brother; and that, through all his life, he had been familiar with the lofty and distinguished. We can, therefore, conjecture what had been his youth and his manhood; we see what he actually is in declining age. In this, if I mistake not, will be found the true solution of the character; here is what the French call the *mot d'énigme*. Conscious of powers and talents far surpassing those of the ordinary run of men, he finds himself outstripped in the race. He must have seen many a man whom he utterly despised rising over his head to honours and emoluments. The very persons upon whom, it would appear to Dr. Johnson, he was intruding, were many of them his early companions,—many more his juniors at court. He might have attended his old patron, the duke, at Coventry, upon St. Lambert's day, when Richard II. flung down the warder amidst the greatest men of England. If he jested in the tilt-yard with John of Gaunt, could he feel that any material obstacle prevented him from mixing with those who composed the court of John of Gaunt's son?

In fact, he is a dissipated man of rank, with a thousand times more wit than ever fell to the lot of all the men of rank in the world. But he has ill-played his cards in life. He grumbles not at the advancement of men of his own order; but the bitter drop of his soul overflows when he remembers how he and that cheese-paring Shallow began the world, and reflects that the starveling justice has land and beeves, while he, the wit and the gentlemen, is penniless, and living from hand to mouth by the casual shifts of the day. He looks at the goodly dwelling and the riches of him whom he had once so thoroughly contemned, with an inward pang that he has scarcely a roof under which he can lay his head. The tragic Macbeth, in the agony of his last struggle, acknowledges with a deep despair that the things which should accompany old age,—as honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,—he must not look to have. The comic Falstaff says nothing on the subject; but, by the choice of such associates as Bardolph, Pistol, and the rest of that following, he tacitly declares that he too has lost the advantages which should be attendant on years. No curses loud or deep have accompanied his festive career,—its conclusion is not the less sad on that account: neglect, forgotten friendships, services overlooked, shared pleasures unremembered, and fair occasions gone for ever by, haunt him, no doubt, as sharply as the consciousness of deserving universal hatred galls the soul of Macbeth.

Falstaff never laughs. Others laugh with him, or at him; but no laughter from him who occasions or permits it. He jests with a sad brow. The wit which he profusely scatters about is from the head, not the heart. Its satire is slight, and never malignant or affronting; but still it is satirical, and seldom joyous. It is anything but *fun*. Original genius and long practice have rendered it easy and familiar to him, and he uses it as a matter of business. He has too much philosophy to show that he feels himself misplaced; we discover his feelings by slight indications, which are, however, quite sufficient. I fear that this conception of the character could never be rendered popular on the stage; but I have heard in private the part of Falstaff read with a perfectly grave, solemn, slow, deep, and sonorous voice, touched occasionally somewhat with the broken tone of age, from beginniug to end, with admirable effect.

GOSSIP FROM THE SCOTCH STUDIOS.

THE Edinburgh correspondent of a local journal in the north of Scotland says :—"There is at present an unusual bustle among our Scottish artists. Next month two vacancies will be filled up in the list of academicians, and of course there is much speculation among the associates on the selection. The most likely gentleman for one of the vacancies is Mr. M'Taggart. He was only one ball below Mr. Arthur Perigal in the ballot for M'Culloch's successor; he is an equal and striking landscape painter. Sam Bough, after M'Culloch's *imprimatur* on his previous nomination, is not mentioned at all. It is a pity that, for want of a little *suaviter in modo*, Mr. Bough's pre-eminent genius should still linger outside the Academy. The field of artists, not associates, is too wide to name any gentleman the least probable of nomination. Mr. Keeley Halswelle, lately a delineator of fishing life and people, returned last week from Rome, where he has been painting during the summer. He has realised a fine sum in London from his sketches, and has deposited two pictures in the Academy here for next year's exhibition. He left town again this week, and will winter in Rome. Mr. Peter Graham is busy finishing some good views of Highland scenery, which are more likely to sustain his reputation than those he tendered at the last exhibition of the Royal Academy. His works will be exhibited in next year's exhibition. Messrs. M'Taggart, Graham, and Nesbitt have all been busy in the Highlands this year. Mr. Bough, most prolific of all Scottish artists, has just returned this week to town, brimfull of Continental sketches. He has some lovely snatches of Rhenish scenery. Mr. M'Whirter, who has been making a great reputation lately, is going to London. Others are talked of as likely to follow the inevitable road. Artists here have to fight a somewhat uphill battle, while great prices are eagerly given to Scottish artists in London. At this moment the Scottish school is without a characteristic. The deeply serious nature of the early paintings has faded, and is not supplanted by any special quality. Nor do I find any such rising mark on the canvas of the young painters. You will catch no sympathy with national characteristics—the deep religious instinct which marks Sir George Hervey's masterpieces; or the religious enthusiasm on David Scott's canvas; or the lovely and hallowed scenes which Drummond delights to pourtray. Instead, I find numbers of this year's students dabbling at such scenes as 'Tavern Brawls of the Italians in the 15th century,' 'The Convent of ——,' of conrse the irrepressible 'Dora,' in short, foreign and poetical subjects which can never be realised by the rugged, matter-of-fact intellects in Scotchmen. They would rise infinitely easier if they took subjects from Scottish history—anything Scotch. Where is even the painter of our every-day village life?"

AN ANCIENT YORKSHIRE TOWN.

MR. EDWIN WAUGH has contributed to the current number of the *Oddfellows' Magazine* a description of the old town of Beverley, where he stayed a few days in April last. "The town," he says, "stands nine miles north of Hull, in the midst of a fertile plain, at the foot of the Yorkshire wolds. The green country clips it round like a moat of quiet beauty, as if to protect it from intrusion; and as one approaches the place a drowsy stillness deepens upon the scene at every footstep." On the morning after his arrival, Mr. Waugh set forth for a ramble through the town :—

Everything in sight seemed to be soaked in some strange soporific influence. The people on the streets looked as if they had all been wakened too soon, and were thinking of going to sleep again. It almost made one afraid to set his feet down, for fear of disturbing something. So profound was the stillness that I could hear somebody lazily stir the fire, and then lay the poker down, in a cottage, as I crept by. The soft enchantment began to make me drowsy too; and I had to nip myself to keep my eyes open—like a man listening to a long sermon on a hot summer day, after a plentiful meal. I felt almost too lazy to remember anything; but somehow it brought to mind what the poet says of the voyagers who came at length to a land "'where it always seemed afternoon.'" It was indeed, a spell-bound spot. And then, as I meandered "'with wandering steps and slow,'" about the streets I caught many a charming glimpse of the Minster from different points of view, for the beautiful old edifice overshadows the whole place with its solemn dignity, steeping the town in its sacred, historic spell, and suffusing all the air with an antique calm, as it stands, in the midst of its ancient graveyard,

> Like a mother, waiting
> Till her children come from play.

"There was something dreamily-delightful about the whole scene—the clearness of the air, the quietness and cleanliness of the streets, the peeping bits of quaint architecture here and there, the cosy old rookeries nestling about the Minster, redolent of the humours of generations long since mowed down by Time, one after another, like swathes of grass; the general appearance of slow-grown comfort; the contemplative sky that canopied the scene with soft beauty—like a cradle-cover; and the tranquil charm that enfolded all. * * * I lingered in the market-place a little while. It was as still as the middle of an old cloister. The very stones of the pavement leaned sleepily against one another, pillowed by the grass which grew between. And as I gazed around, with half-shut eyes, a dog came rushing out of a butcher's shop, followed (I can hardly say pursued) by the butcher himself, who was evidently too fat, and too easy-mided to run far, especially with any furious purpose. The dog thought so too; for as soon as it had got out of slinging-distance, it turned round and barked in his face with a visible relish of the fun of the thing; whilst the butcher stood still at his own threshold, wiping away the dew from his not-too-solid flesh—for he was a man naturally inclined to the 'melting mood.' The solitary din recoiled from the walls around, which seemed to rub their eyes and look dreamily down to see what was the matter; and then, with a yawn, they slowly drooped their heavy lids, and went to sleep again. And once more all was still, except the sparrows twittering,

and pecking among the scatterments of last market day. * * * I may have, unwittingly, dropt into Beverley at a time of unusual stillness; if not, I wonder how the people get their living, for I could scarcely discover anything in the shape of business going on. And still the inhabitants look as if they didn't care, and didn't need to care. Indeed, the shopkeepers seem surprised at the sight of a customer—that is, if one happens to succeed, by dint of shouting and kicking the counter, in rousing such a wight from his downy lair, in the rear of the premises. Between breakfast and dinner time, they seem to have a neighbourly way of sauntering from door to door, bidding one another 'good morning,' and enquiring about the progress of population in their several households. That is when the weather is fine; for, if it rains, they lean against their door-posts, and talk to one another across the street. And on sunny afternoons they come lounging to their threshholds, now and then, with a slow, aldermanic air, like whales rising to blow; and there they bask and yawn, and rub down their well-filled waistcoats, as if they had just awakened from a nap after dinner, and had nothing in the world to do but to get ready for the next meal. There is no visible squalor nor scant amongst them. Taken as a whole, they have a kind of endowed look; and they seem as if they had all been born with money in the bank, and didn't need to stint the butter on their muffins. Each man of them bears himself, unconsciously, as if he was the eldest son of prosperity. It is very easy to be seen, too, that they are gifted with sound digestion, and that they get through a great deal of it, in a satisfactory way. They are a solid, rotund, respectable, canny, old-fashioned race; broad-fronted and broad-bottomed, and as sleek-skinned as moles; and they open their mild eyes in a quiet way, like well-fed kine chewing the cud; as if they had no idea of ever seeing anything of a disagreeable nature during the smooth-gliding term of their natural lives. They hardly seem to know that there is any world outside of their own old garden-girdled town; or, if they do, they seem as if they didn't care about having anything to do with it. These smooth, self-contained pets of fortune, with good living oozing from every pore of their drum-tight skins,—they are too fat to laugh boisterously; but one massive smile seems to clothe them from head to foot, like a suit of invisible mail; rendering them impervious to the manifold troubles that beset less lucky humanity, on its way through this work-a-day world. Oh, ye happy-hearted lotus-eaters of the flowery wold; may your handsome shadows never grow less!"

THE DEATH RATE.—The Registrar-General's return for the past week is of a somewhat depressing character. Bristol showed the most favourable return, the rate per 1,000 being only 19; in London it was 24; in Manchester, 32; while in Salford, which is now generally the highest, it was 38.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for the Editor should be addressed to the *Sphinx* Office, 14, Market Place, Manchester. Every manuscript should bear the name and address of the sender. All contributions are attentively considered, and unaccepted MSS. are returned on receipt of stamps for postage. No replies or MSS. can be delivered on personal application.

BACK NUMBERS of the *Sphinx* may be obtained on application to the Publisher, by order from any Bookseller and Newsagent, or at the *Sphinx* Office, 14, Market Place.

Business communications and advertisements should be addressed to THE MANAGER, 14, Market-place, Manchester.

CARLOWITZ,

22s. PER DOZEN.

This excellent Hungarian Wine is now greatly RECOMMENDED for its nourishing and sustaining properties. As we import it DIRECT from Hungary without any INTERMEDIATE AGENCY, and bottle it under OUR OWN personal inspection, purchasers can rely upon its genuineness.

VERMOUTH.—Finest Italian.

When we INTRODUCED this excellent BITTER WINE to the notice of the Public SOME YEARS ago, we brought it on in Bottle, but now being assured that we have made a market for it, we bring it on IN CASK, and Bottle it OURSELVES, thereby SAVING considerably in freight and other expenses, and enabling us to put it within the reach of a wider circle, by REDUCTION of PRICE.

We would respectfully solicit the attention of MEDICAL MEN to this article, and shall be glad to show them samples.

32s. PER DOZEN.

2s. 10d. PER BOTTLE.

JAMES SMITH AND COMPANY,

WINE MERCHANTS.

MANCHESTER: 26, MARKET-STREET.

LIVERPOOL: 11, LORD-STREET.

BIRMINGHAM: 28, HIGH-STREET.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

ALTERATION OF TRAINS, NOVEMBER, 1868.

6-30 a.m. Buxton to Derby, will be discontinued.

7-30 a.m. Buxton to Manchester, and 1-45 p.m. Manchester to Buxton, will be discontinued.

12-45 p.m. Manchester to Derby and London, will leave at 12-55 p.m.

4-50 p.m. Manchester to Buxton, will run through to Derby, call at Bakewell and Matlock Bath, and arrive at Derby in time for the Express to Nottingham, Leicester, and London, arriving at St. Pancras at 10-45 p.m.

6.20 p.m. Manchester to Derby, will stop at Bugsworth.

12-25 p.m. Derby to Manchester, will discontinue stopping at Darley Dale, Hassop, and Hyde.

3-30 p.m. Derby to Manchester, will stop at Darley Dale.

6-45 p.m. Derby to Manchester, will leave at 7.0 p.m.

8- 0 p.m. Buxton to Manchester will leave at 9-0.

SUNDAYS.

The Trains running between Buxton and Miller's Dale in connection with the Main Line Trains between Manchester and Derby, will be discontinued,

The New St. Pancras Station, London, is now Open, and the Main Line Trains of the Company run to and from that Station, and are in connection at the Kentish Town Station with Trains from and to Moorgate Street, and the whole of the Metropolitan System.

A New and improved Service of Express and Fast Trains has been established between London and Manchester, the Express Trains performing the journey in Five hours.

The following table shews the Train Service for NOVEMBER between MANCHESTER and LONDON:—

	Fast.	*Exp.*	*Exp.*				
	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Manchester.. dp	6 55	6 55	9 45	9 50	12 55	3 30	4 40
Lond. St. P.) arr	12 0	1 30	2 45	4 0	6 30	8 30	10 0

			Exp.			*Fast.*	*Exp.*
	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Lond. St. P.) dep.	6 15	7 45	9 0	10 0	11 30	3 0	4 40
Manchester.. arr	12 15	2 40	2 40	3 0	5 0	8 5	9 0

SUNDAYS.	p.m.
Manchester..... dep.	4 45
London (St. Pancras) ..... arr.	10 0
	p.m.
London (St. Pancras) ..... dep.	2 50
Manchester ..... arr.	8 0

Through Carriages run between Manchester and London by all Trains.

The Train leaving Manchester at 3-30 p.m., sets down Passengers from Manchester at Luton on Wednesdays and Thursdays.

Third Class Passengers are booked to London by Trains leaving Manchester at 6-55 a.m. and 12-55 p.m., arriving at St. Pancras at 1-30 and 6-30 p.m., respectively; and from St. Pancras to Manchester at 7-45 a.m. and 11-0 a.m., arriving at Manchester at 2-40 and 5 p.m., respectively.

JAMES ALLPORT,
Derby, October, 1868. GENERAL-MANAGER.

SALFORD CARRIAGE WORKS,
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Carriages and Light Traps Repaired and Painted in first-class style and finish. Estimates given for new work or jobbing.

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ORIENTAL ROSE CREAM,
EXTRACTED FROM THE CHOICEST ROSE LEAVES,
Removes Scurf, strengthens and imparts a gloss (without the use of Pomades) to the Hair, and prevents Baldness, even restoring the growth in many cases which appear hopeless.

Sold by all Chemists, in bottles, at 1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s. each. Twelve bottles sent, carriage paid, on receipt of 12s. in stamps.

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"SAVE 20 PER CENT," and don't Buy REPPS, Serges, Winceys, or other kinds of Dress Materials, without first seeing the Special Lots NOW SELLING, at astonishing prices, at the Old Dress House, 66, Deansgate.—C. SHAW, Proprietor.

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Large Dock Sample Glass Sherry and Sandwich, 4d. Superior Stout or Ale and Sandwich, 3d.

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(Under the New Stock Exchange,)
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LARGE DOCK SAMPLE GLASSES
of thirty different SHERRIES (shipped direct from the first houses) may be tasted from the original package, at WHOLESALE PRICES, *i.e.*, same as by the bottle, dozen, and quarter cask.

ROEDERERS, CLICQUOTS, MOETS, PERRIER JOUETS, GIESLERS, AND EVERY NOTED CHAMPAGNE, CHARGED PER SAMPLE BOTTLE AS PER DOZEN.

JOHN DEAN,
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First-class Service and the most moderate charges.
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COCKPIT HILL,
BEHIND THE 'BUS OFFICE, MARKET STREET,
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The Best and Cheapest RESTAURANT in Town.
Joint .....1s. 6d.
Soup or Fish and Joint .....1s. 9d.
TEA, COFFEE, STEAKS, & CHOPS on the shortest notice.
WINES, and SPIRITS, &c.

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Sample bottles at wholesale prices.

WEAVER'S Irish Whisky, 7 years' old.
Sample bottles at wholesale prices.—73, Brook-street, Grosvenor-street.

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SLATE CISTERNS, with or without Filters, as exhibited at the Great Exhibition, Hyde Park, 1851, Class 5, and also at the Great International Exhibition, 1862, Class 10. Estimates on application.

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Works: Upper Medlock Street, Hulme, Manchester.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.
USE PRITCHARD'S TEETHING AND FEVER POWDERS. They are excellent for children from three months to twelve years, for fits, convulsions, restlessness, and irritation in cutting their teeth. Sold by all Chemists. Free 15 stamps.
67, CHORLTON ROAD, MANCHESTER.

GROVER AND BAKER'S SEWING MACHINES, Highest Honours, Elastic Stitch.
GROVER AND BAKER'S SEWING MACHINES. The most complete. Lock Stitch.
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RUPTURES—EXHIBITION PRIZE MEDAL, 1862, was awarded to R. WESTBURY, Inventor and Sole Maker of the IMPERCEPTIBLE CURATIVE TRUSS. Deformity Instruments, Elastic Stockings, and other Invalid appliances.
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Walking, Dress, and Sword Sticks, Canes, Umbrellas; Knapsacks, Portmanteaus, Valises, Satchels, Bags; Mackintoshes, Summer Overcoats, &c. in great variety.

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STRONG USEFUL TEA, 2/2 per lb.
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BEST VALUE IN THE CITY.
CHOICE MIXTURES OF TEAS,
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ALL NEW SEASON'S.
The last-named Mixtures are all strongly recommended, as they combine strength and body with richness of flavour.
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EXCHANGE BILLIARD ROOMS are NOW OPEN, under new management, and are fitted up with two of Burroughs and Watts' New Tables.—26, Market-street, entrance opposite Thatched House.—THOS. GORTON, Proprietor.

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ADULTERATED TOBACCO.—In consequence of the recent seizures of Adulterated Tobacco, and the conviction of wholesale dealers and retailers in Sheffield, Leeds, Manchester, and other towns, in the mitigated penalty of £50 in each case, the Executors of WILLIAM HARGRAVES feel it their duty to inform their numerous customers that all Tobacco sold by them (including Irish Roll), is Guaranteed Perfectly Genuine, and Free from Adulteration of any kind.
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SOUPS from 9 a.m., 4d.
DINNERS from 12, including Meat, Bread and Vegetables, 7d.
Cup of TEA or COFFEE, with Bread and Butter, 5d.
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ALL THE NEWSPAPERS OF THE DAY.
Writing Tables, Parcel Office, and Special Messengers for Post Office or other Deliveries.
Best LAVATORY and other conveniences in the City.

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CAPES & DUNN respectfully announce that they have been favoured with instructions from the well-known and highly respectable Collector, Mr. P. L. Everard, of 29, Rue des Croisades, Brussels, to SELL BY AUCTION, on Tuesday and Wednesday, November 10 and 11, at Twelve o'clock precisely each day, in the Large Room of the Manchester Royal Exchange, entrance from Ducie-street, his Eminently Valuable Collection, comprising some of the choicest productions of the greatest living artists of the French, Dutch, Belgian, and German schools.—Catalogues will be ready several days prior to the sale, and can be had on application at the Auctioneers' Offices, No. 2, Clarence-street; or at the Exchange Rooms, four days prior to the sale, when the Pictures may be publicly viewed.

CELEBRATION MEETING in the Free Trade Hall, on WEDNESDAY, the 4th November next, at six o'clock in the evening, being the twenty-fifth anniversary of the SATURDAY HALF-HOLIDAY. His Worship the Mayor of Manchester will preside. A number of distinguished gentlemen have accepted the Committee's invitation to attend and address the Meeting.

The list of Donations now amounts to nearly £3,000, a sum which the Committee hope very largely to augment, with the energetic help of those who are instructed with books and cards, previous to the meeting on Wednesday.

Platform Tickets, and Tickets to Admit Ladies and Gentlemen to Reserved Seats, can be had on application at the Committee Rooms, 1, Brown Street.

The Committee will meet on Tuesday Evening next, November 3, at 6 o'clock.

REPRESENTATION OF MANCHESTER. Mr. MITCHELL HENRY'S COMMITTEE SIT DAILY, at 82, Market-street. Gentlemen desirous of joining the Committee are respectfully requested to forward their names to the Honorary Secretary.

H. B. JACKSON, Chairman.
CHARLES DURHAM, } Vice Chairmen.
C. P. HENDERSON, }
J. NIELD, Honorary Secretary.

MANCHESTER AND SALFORD DISCHARGED PRISONERS' AID SOCIETY.

A donation of £5 from "a Friend of the late Ernest Reuss, Esq.," is gratefully acknowledged.

A. ASPLAND, } Hon Secs.
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HIGHAM'S MILITARY BAND
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Every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, AND SATURDAY,
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CAN YOU SWIM? Yes. Who Taught You? Professor BECK, on the Patent Machinery, at the Manchester Swimming School, Barrack-st., Hulme.

TO THE CITIZENS OF COLLEGIATE CHURCH WARD.

Gentlemen,—In compliance with an influentially signed requisition, I beg to offer myself as a candidate for the representation of your large and important ward in the City Council.

Though personally unknown to many of you, the favourable opinion and expressed wish of a large number of electors induces me to aspire to the honour I solicit; and I venture to hope that the reputation I have maintained throughout a business career extending over 30 years, in one of the most important districts of the ward, may justify my candidature. I shall, if elected, devote myself assiduously to the performance of the duties devolving upon me, and apply my best energies to the thorough understanding of the questions necessarily involved in the local government of so large and important a city as Manchester. I have no past municipal experience to appeal to, and can only promise honest and faithful service.

Believing that the office of Town Councillor is a laudable object to ambition, and the duties worthy of the best and most sedulous attention, I solicit your suffrages, desiring to serve, in however small a measure, the interests of this city, and more particularly of the ward with which I have all my lifetime been connected.

If returned to the City Council I shall endeavour to promote true efficiency and economy in every department. I shall not take a partisan course, but strive to the best of my ability to promote the general interest, and at all times shall be ready to meet my constituents and ascertain and represent their wishes.—Soliciting the favour of your votes and interest, I have the honour to remain, your obedient servant,

WM. SCOTT BROWN.

113, Market-street, Manchester, Sept. 24, 1868.

OSWEGO PREPARED CORN,

MANUFACTURED BY

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PUDDINGS, CUSTARDS BLANC MANGE, ICE CREAM, &c.,

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It is invaluable (prepared the same as arrowroot), the Oswego Corn being an excellent substitute.

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Capital	£500,000
Annual Income	£250,000
New Premiums for 1867	£23,000

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HAUNCH OF VENISON
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Choice Wines and Spirits, Cigars, &c. An Ordinary daily at a Quarter-past One.

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NO. 6, ST. MARY'S-GATE
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BEST RESTAURANT IN ENGLAND.
Breakfasts, from 8 a.m.; Dinners, from 12 to 1 p.m.
Tea, Coffee, Chops, Steaks, &c.
Soups and Cold Collation throughout the day.
Wines, Spirits, Ale, and Stout of the best quality.
Quick service.
PRICES:
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Sausage and Mashed Potatoes (from 10 till 12) and glass of Beer, 6d.
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Tea, Chops, or Cold Meats, and Bread and Butter or Toast, 11d.
Plain Tea, 5d.
Dinner Chops or Steaks, with Vegetables and Bread (in four minutes), 1s.
Small ditto, 9d.

MANCHESTER.—Printed and Published for the Proprietors by JOHN HEYWOOD, of 141 and 143, Deansgate, in the parish of Manchester, and of Blanche Villa, Edge Lane, in the parish of Stretford. Saturday, Oct. 31, 1868.

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